

Crawford Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Publisher and Proprietor

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NUMBER 10

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Avalanche

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GOOD ROADS FOR CRAWFORD COUNTY

AN ABLE PLAN OUTLINED BY O. F. BARNES

Facts and Figures That Lead to Decided Conclusions.

One of the most important matters pertaining to our county and village welfare is good roads. We need the roads, and it was mainly for someone to suggest a feasible plan for obtaining them and we publish with pleasure the outline prepared by Supervisor O. F. Barnes which is as follows:

Editor Avalanche:

I read with a little impatience your editorial on good roads in the issue of February 22nd. The subject is one of such supreme importance and so immediately pressing that I prefer to study an equitable and economical plan for bringing good roads into existence, rather than to dismiss the subject with the suggestion that we wait until the U. S. Government constructs them.

In almost the opening paragraph you say: "There is probably no more that will build up a farming community quicker than will good roads. We have lands no doubt that would be taken up in a hurry if good roads leading to this village were easily accessible."

You might have said much more. Good roads and cheap transportation to market are as essential to the prosperity of the farmer and the development of the country, as are railroads and cheap transportation to the manufacturer. The increased cost of marketing products over the bad roads is as much a tax on the farmer as is the money paid for schools, roads and county government a tax upon the manufacturer and the business man, and homeseekers will consider an excessive tax on marketing products as surely as the manufacturer will consider the taxes he must pay, and they will not come in any numbers to take up our uncultivated lands, no matter how attractive they may be in price and productivity, until they can be shown that good roads are coming.

Good roads will not only contribute to the settlement of the country and the material uplift of the farming community, but to its moral and social uplift as well.

Your editorial also speaks most clearly of the importance of the manufacturing industries of Grayling and of the probability that other institutions will soon be added, and you point out the injury to those institutions and the danger of discouraging new ones through excessive taxation, even for a good cause. You might justly have said much more.

With the railroads operating from Grayling, paying out thousands of dollars every month; with prosperous manufacturing institutions, employing hundreds of men and assured of many years operation, bringing in and working up the resources of other counties; with the men who have established and developed these industries not only tempted by the opportunities and inducements of larger cities to take their business and residence elsewhere, but content to remain citizens of Crawford County and to continually study opportunities for locating new factories here, Grayling is bound to be the best place to live in, the best place to do business in, and the best town in every way between Bay City and Cheboygan, and we must not enter upon any policy that will seriously menace such conditions. Can we provide good roads for the farmer and insure the rapid settlement and material prosperity of the county and yet maintain a reasonable rate of taxation for the manufacturer and business man? I believe we can under the plan formulated by the Board of Supervisors, and I wish for a little space to discuss that plan.

Crawford County and the various townships, from time to time, receive money from the sale of homestead tax lands. It is not money raised by taxation, or by the sale of bonds and therefore not devoted to any particular purpose, and the county can make such use as it pleases of its share. The legislature of 1909 authorized boards of supervisors to pass laws and acts relating to purely county matters and not conflicting with any general law. Acting on that authority, the board at its January session passed an act creating a homestead tax land fund and devoting that fund to the improvement of the highways of the county, and this act has been signed by the Governor, conditioned upon its being approved by the voters of the county.

The advantages of this plan are many and noticeable. It enables the county to encourage and assist in good road construction out of this homestead tax land fund to the extent of \$200.00 for every mile of graded, without taxation, and without a bond issue. It leaves the actual work of road construction to the townships and does not call for or require any supervising organization entailing expense other than what the townships now maintain. It insures uniformity and good construction by requiring all gravel and stone roads to be built after state specifications and to be accepted by the state highway department before paying of the county reward, and graded roads to follow same specifications in most part, and to be approved and accepted by the county surveyor. It enables the people of the townships to improve the roads they wish improved, not those a committee of outsiders might prefer. It prevents the use of county funds raised by taxation and bonds for reward purposes, or even the accumulation of debt against the fund from which rewards are paid, by providing that if at the time of allotting rewards there is not sufficient money in the homestead tax land fund to pay all rewards in full they shall all be paid pro rata. It distributes benefits equally, and discourages high taxation or bonding for road construction by restricting the amount of road for which the county will pay a reward, and by not allowing any excess construction to be paid for later on. It takes notice of the fact that it is not possible or profitable to gravel all roads and so provides a modest reward for high class graded roads. The opportunity for completing a comprehensive and connected system of good roads over the county in a reasonable time without excessive taxes of a bond issue under this plan, are greatly increased by recent sales of homestead tax lands. The writer has since December 1st, last past, negotiated sales of homestead tax lands aggregating 10,537.28 acres, appraised at \$22,480.31. While the proportion going to the state, county and township from such sales varies in almost every case, it is approximately:

State, 18 percent;
County, 30 percent;
Township, 52 percent.

These recent sales therefore will give the townships approximately \$12,000.00, and place in the homestead tax land fund upwards of \$6,700.00 sufficient to pay the county reward on over twenty-one miles of gravel road and thirty-two miles of graded road.

It is, I believe, and I have been so advised by competent attorneys, entirely within the power of the township board to make such disposal of the township's homestead tax land funds as they deem best.

For some years past South Branch township has placed practically all her homestead tax land money in her highway funds. If all the townships should do the same with the funds soon to come to them, there would be \$12,000.00 for highway work.

During the past four years the various townships have raised by taxation for the two highway funds \$44,252.00, on an average of \$11,063.00 annually. Let the townships establish the policy of raising for highway purposes a moderate fixed sum every year, in most cases it need not be more than they have been raising. It may without interfering with the plan be less in some cases than has been raised. The sum of \$8,000.00 raised by taxation and added to the \$12,000.00 on hand would give \$20,000.00 available the first year.

It is not to be expected that every township will build the full mileage allowed, but granting that, nine miles were built the first year, the money on hand would pay for it and leave over four thousand dollars for the next year's work. The total state and county rewards would return \$6,300.00 to the township treasurers. The regular tax rate agreed upon should produce fully as much as in the previous year or \$8000, and there would be in sight for the second years work fully \$18,000.00, without counting any receipts from future homestead tax land sales, and there are still unsold at this date in Crawford County 24,840 acres of such land, the present valuation of which is over \$2.50 per acre, or \$60,000, and if all sold would bring \$18,000.00 to the county fund and \$31,000.00 to the townships.

It may be urged these lands are less desirable than those recently sold, and that sales for a time will be slower. That may be, but sales will not stop; money will be continually coming in to both the county and the township, and by the time eighteen miles of good road are added to our present system, increasing population, increasing rural prosperity and increasing confidence in our county's future will increase the value and desirability of unsold lands and bring about their sale, and the township and highway funds will be again replenished, and the 3rd year should see more than \$18,000.00 on hand for good roads.

I am for good roads. I believe the proposed arrangement will bring them. I am opposed to the county road system until a trial has been made of the plan proposed. If it fails, I will join in supporting the county road system.

After all it is not so much how we do it as it is, that we do it. It is not so much how fast we proceed as it is

that we have a plan that calls for definite construction every year, and that we adhere to that plan.

In closing I wish to call the attention of Grayling business men to the condition that confronts them in the matter of good roads.

The township of South Branch will in a short time have a gravelled road from Roscommon to the Oscoda county line, and undoubtedly a graded road on to the main stream of the Ausable. The township of Beaver Creek contemplates a gravel road south to connect with the Roscommon and Higgins Lake road.

In the northern part of the county the townships of Frederic and Maple Forest have for several years been working on a road that will extend through the northern towns.

Nowhere do we see roads under construction that lead to Grayling. This is necessarily so, because if they built toward Grayling they would find no road to connect with. If as we hope will be the case, settlement and development takes place in our county, it will inevitably be in those sections served by good roads, and the benefits in trade and business will not be reflected in Grayling. That is not as it should be. The county wants opportunities of doing business in Grayling.

Let the township of Grayling start a good road, south toward Beaver Creek, and another to the northwest toward Maple Forest, and those townships will build to meet them, and when five or six years from now we shall have the trunk lines of our good road system completed, Grayling will be the central point on the system not outside of it.

ORLANDO T. BARNES

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Enough has been demonstrated to show that San Diego, which is "building an exposition now," will give the world something in the way of a world's fair which will not be bigger, but better, not more multitudinous but more intensely interesting than anything that was ever held under the same title. It will cost millions, but the expenditure of those millions will not be spread out as thinly as possible. It will be made, as concentrated, as interesting, as attractive as the genius of man can make it.

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The Home Circle

Let us take time to speak sweet, foolish words to those we love. By-and-by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

The father returns to his home after a weary day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latch key turns in the home door, he throws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness of girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attention he loves—the kiss, the cheery word to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home.

A true marriage is the soul's Eden. It is the visiting place of angels. It is not given to words to express the refinement of pleasure, the delicacy of joy and the abounding fullness of satisfaction that those feel whom God hath joined in a high marriage of spirit. Such a union is the highest school of virtue, the souls convent where the vestal fires of purity are kept continually burning. May only such happy unions attend the young men and maidens of our vicinity who may even now be planning their wedding garments.

Let a wife and mother love her home and her children with the most absolute unswerving devotion, and serve them with the most unselfish fidelity, there are nevertheless times when she is weary. She knows better than any one else the steps and the stitches, the same things done over and over, and the pettiness of the trials that come to the nursery and kitchen. They are so insignificant that she is ashamed to talk about them, and we fear she sometimes forgets to tell her Savior how hard they press her; and so, bearing her cross all alone its weight becomes crushing.

Boys, as well as girls, should be taught to help in the house. How often we have been disgusted to see that the girls are made to help with the housework while the boys are allowed to play checkers, or sit at the fire toasting their toes.

The boys on the farm are better off if they only know it, than thousands of the boys who are at large, wandering hither and thither, searching and looking for "rich bonanzas" to turn up. There is nothing like being practical and there is but one way to be so. Acquire business habits and train yourself to do good, honest, hard work. Don't waste your time learning to tie a cravat. You can buy a cravat already tied.

We have seen little children while running at play, or perhaps on an errand for their parents, get a fall and bump a head or skin a finger, and when they would go to their parents for a kind word of comfort they would say, "Well, next time look where you are going and don't be so awkward; go long now and hush." That child will certainly find out sooner or later that its parents have no love or sympathy for it, and it will grow up without any kind feeling toward that parent. But on the other hand let the child come to the parents for advice, and if kind words are spoken the child will never forget it, and will always look with respect on that parent.

To make home happy is an art—an art a good many people have either lost or never found.

If you want to give a little boy, from six to ten years old, a start for the penitentiary, just allow him the privilege of running on the streets until late bed time.

No one wants an impertinent, swaggering, cigarette smoking boy about an office, or as a clerk, book-keeper or stenographer. Girls do not acquire these detestable habits and are, therefore, getting the places.

A boy can help clear away after a meal, sweep the floor, polish the stove or wash the dishes, just as effectively as a girl. He, as a rule, is stronger. He will love his home more, and when he becomes a man, and has a home of his own, he will respect his wife all the more for having been taught to respect his mother and sisters.

The street corner is the best place in the world for teaching vice, profligacy and crime, nearly all the bad language and idle, vicious habits of boys are taught on the street at late hours of the night.

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.



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C. J. Hathaway
Optometrist
Grayling, Mich.



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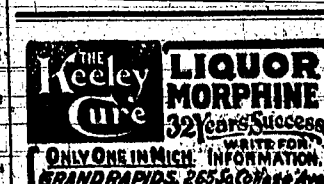
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MISS MINERVA and WILLIAM GREEN HILL

By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN
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CHAPTER I.

A Scandalized Virgin.

The bus drove up to the gate and stopped under the electric street light. Perched on the box by the big, black, negro driver sat a little boy, whose slender figure was swathed in a huge red coat.

"Miss Minerva was on the porch waiting to receive him,"

"Mercy on me, chile," she said, "what on earth made you ride up there? Why didn't you get inside?"

"I just wanted to ride by Sam Lamb," replied the child as he was lifted down. "An' I see a nice fat little man name Major."

"He jes' wouldn't ride inside, Miss Minerva," interrupted the driver, quickly, to pass over the blush that rose to the splendor's thin cheek at mention of the major. "Twan't no use fer ter try ter make him ride no whar but jes' up by me. He jes' fussed an' fussed an' sputted an' sputted; he jes' lunk ter me 'om de minute he got off de train an' sot naves on me; he an' one easy chile ter 'im quainted wid; so I jes' histed him up by me. Here an' his vorlise, an' am."

"Good-by, Sam Lamb," said the child as the negro got back on the box and gathered up the reins. "I'll see you to-morrow."

Miss Minerva imparted a thin, old maid kiss on the sweet, childish mouth. "I am your Aunt Minerva," she said, as she picked up his satchel.

"The little boy carelessly drew the back of his hand across his mouth. "What are you doing?" she asked. "Are you wiping my kiss off?"

"Naw, no," he replied, "it's just a 'rubbin' in, I reckon."

"Come in, William," and his aunt led the way through the wide hall into a big bedroom.

"Billy, ma'am," corrected her nephew.

"William," firmly repeated Miss Minerva. "You may have been called Billy on that plantation where you were allowed to run wild with the negroes, but your name is William Green Hill, and I shall insist upon your being called by it."

She stooped to help him off with his coat, remarking, as she did so, "What a big overcoat! It is several sizes too large for you."

"Garned if it ain't," agreed the child promptly.

"Who taught you such a naughty word?" she asked in a horrified voice. "Don't you know it is wrong to curse?"

"You call that cussin'?" came in scornful tones from the little boy. "You don't know cussin' when you see it; you jest oughter hear ole Uncle Jimmy-Jawed Jupter, Aunt Cindy's husband; he'll show you somer the pretties cussin' you ever did hear."

"Who is Aunt Cindy?"

"She's the colored 'oman what tends to me ever sence me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln's born, an' Uncle Jupter is her husband an' he sho' is a stinger on cussin'. Is 'o' husband much of a cusser?" he inquired.

A pale pink dyed Miss Minerva's thin, sallow face.

"I am not a married woman," she replied, curly, "and I most assuredly would not permit any oaths to be used on my premises."

"Well, Uncle Jimmy-Jawed Jupter is jest natchally boun' to cuss—he's got a reputation to keep up"—and fully

he sat down in a chair in front of his aunt, crossed his legs and smiled confidentially up into her face.

"Holl an' damn is jest easy ev' day words to that nigger. I wish you could hear him cuss on a Sunday jest one time, Aunt Minerva; he'd—sho—make you open yo' eyes an' take in yo' sign. But Aunt Cindy don't 'low me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln to say nothin' 'till all only jest 'darn' tell we gits grown mens, an' puts on long pants."

"Wilkes Booth Lincoln?" questioned his aunt.

"An' you never hear tell of him?" asked the child. "He's ole Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney Pearlina's boy, an' Peruney Pearlina," he continued enthusiastically, "she ain't no ordinary nigger, her hair ain't got nare kink an' she's got de grandes' cles. They ain't nothin' snide 'bout her. She got two chillens an' ev' single one of 'em got a diff'unt pappy, she been married so much. They do say she got infurva blood in her, too."

Miss Minerva, who had been standing prim and stiff, felt simply into a convenient rocking chair, and looked closely at this orphaned nephew who had come to stay with her.

She saw a beautiful, bright, attractive, little face out of which big, sandy, gray eyes shined by long curling black lashes looked winningly at her; she saw a sweet, childish red mouth, a mass of short, yellow curls, and a thin but graceful little figure.

"I knows the names of all ole Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney Pearlina's chillens," he was saying proudly. "Admiral-Farragut-Moses the Prophet Esquire, he's the biggest; an' Alfie Ann Maria Dan Step-an-Gotchit, she had to nuss all the res; she say 'fas' as she git 'thoo' nussin' one an' 'low she got to have a breathin' spell here some another one

an' she got to nuss it. An' the nex' is Mount Sinai Tabernicle, he name fer the church where ole Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney Pearlina takes her sackerment; an' the nex' is first Theesalonians; Second Theesalonians; he's dead an' gone to the Bad Place cause he skint a cat—I don't mean skin the cat on a actin' pole like me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln—doos—he skunt a sho' 'nough eat-what was a black cat, what was a ole witch, an' she come back an' ha't him, an' he growed thinner an' thinner an' wasn't nothin' 'till but a shet'lon, an' the Bad-Man won't 'low nobody 'till to give his parch tongue no water, an' he got to, ever after amen, he tosted on a pitchfork. An' Oleander Magnolia Althea is the nex', he continued, enumerating Peruney Pearlina's offspring on his thin, well-molded fingers, "she got the seven-year itch; an' Gettysburg, an' Biddle-Brothers-Mercantile-Co., he name fer the store where ole Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney Pearlina gits credit so she can pay when she fetches in her cotton in the fall; an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln, him an' me's twins; we was borned the same day only I's borned to my mamma an' he's borned to his an' Doctor Jenkins fetched me an' Doctor Smucker fetched him. An' Decimus Uldimus," the little boy triumphantly put his right forefinger on his left little one, thus making the tenth, "he's the baby an' she's got the collest cryes loud enough to wake up angels; Wilkes Booth Lincoln say he wish the little d'ward die, Peruney Pearlina first name her Doctor Shuckert, cause he fetches all her chillens, but the doctor he say that ain't no name fer a girl, so he name her Decimus Uldimus."

Miss Minerva, sober, proper, dignified, religious old maid unused to children, listened in frozen amazement and paralyzed silence. She decided to put the child to bed at once that she might collect her thoughts, and lay some plans for the rearing of this sadly-neglected, little orphaned-nephew.

"William," she said, "it is bedtime, and I know you must be sleepy after your long ride on the cars. Would you like something to eat before I put you to bed? I saved you some supper."

"Naw, no, I ain't hungry; the major man what I talk to on the train took me in the dinin'-room an' gimme all I could hol; I jest eat an' eat tell they want a wrinkle in me," was the reply. "He axed me 'bout you, too. Is he name Major Minerva?"

She opened a door in considerable confusion and they entered a small, neat room, adjoining.

"This is your own little room, William," said she, "you see it opens into mine. Have you a night-shirt?"

"Naw, no, I don't need no night-shirt. I jest sleeps in my unions and sometimes in my overalls."

"Well, you may sleep in your union suit tonight," said the scandalized relative, "and I'll see what I can do for you to-morrow. Can you undress yourself?"

Her small nephew wrinkled his nose, disdainfully. "Well, I reckon so," he scornfully made answer. "Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln been undressin' ourself ever sence we's born."

"I'll come in here after a while and turn off the light. Good night, William."

"Good night," Aunt Minerva, repeated the little boy.

CHAPTER II.

The Rabbit's Left Hind Foot. A few minutes later, as Miss Minerva sat rocking and thinking, the door opened and a lean, graceful, little figure, clad in a skinny, gray union suit, came into the room.

"Ain't I a goin' to say no prayers?" demanded a sweet, childish voice. "Aunt Cindy hear me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln say us prayers ev' night sence we's born."

"Why, of course you must say your prayers," said his aunt, blushing at having to be reminded of her duty by this young heathen; "kneel down here by me."

Billy looked at his aunt's bony frame and thought of Aunt Cindy's soft, fat, ample lap. A wistful look crossed his childish face as he dropped down in front of her and laid his head against her knee, then the bright, beautiful little face took on an angelic expression as he closed his eyes and softly chanted:

"Now I lays me down to sleep, I prays the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die be-fo' I wake, I prays the Lord my soul to take."

"Keep 'way from me hoodoo an' witch, Lead my paf from the po'house gate, I pines for the golden harp, an' s'ich, Oh, Lord, I'll set an' pray an' wait."

"Oh, Lord, bless ev'body; bless me an' Aunt Cindy, an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln, an' Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney Pearlina, an' Uncle Jimmy-Jawed Jupter," an' ev'body, an' Sam Lamb, an' Aunt Minerva, an' all ole Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney Pearlina's chillens, an' give Aunt Minerva a billy goat, an' a little nannay if she'd rather, an' bless Major Minerva, an' make me a good boy like Sanctified Sophy, fer Jesus' sake. Amen."

Uncle Jimmy-Jawed Jupter play his 'corjun an' sing:

"Rabbit up the gum-tree, Coon is in the huller, Wake, wake, Juncy-Dug stole a hant a dollar."

"I'll sing you a hymn," said Miss Minerva patiently.

"I don't want to hear you sing no hymn," said Billy impatiently. "I want to see Sanctified Sophy shout."

As his aunt could think of no substitute with which to tempt him in lieu of Sanctified Sophy's shouting, she remained silent.

"An' I wants Wilkes Booth Lincoln to dance a clog," persisted her nephew.

Miss Minerva remained silent. She felt uncomfortable with the situation till she had adjusted her thoughts and made her plans.

Presently Billy, looking at her shrewdly, said:

"Gimme my rabbit foot, Aunt Minerva, an' I'll go right off to sleep."

When she again looked in on him he was fast asleep, a rosy flush on his babyish, tear-stained cheek, his red lips half parted, his curly head lolled on his arm, and close against his soft, young throat there peeped the left hind foot of a rabbit.

Miss Minerva's bed time was half after nine o'clock, summer or winter. She had hardly varied a second in the years that had elapsed since the runaway marriage of her only relative,

"What is that you have tied around your back, William?" she asked, as the little boy rose to his feet.

"That's my rabbit foot; you won't never have no 'sense' 'till an' nobody can't never confure you if you wears a rabbit foot. This here one is the left hip foot; it was ketches by a red-headed nigger with cross-eyes, in a graveyard at twelve o'clock on a Friday night, when there's a full moon. He give it to Aunt Cindy to tie 'roun' my nake when I's a baby. Ain't you got no rabbit foot?" he anxiously inquired.

"No," she answered. "I have never had one and I have never been cured either. Give it to me, William; I can't allow you to be superstitious, and she held out her hand."

"Please, Aunt Minerva, jest lemme wear it tonight," he pleaded. "Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln been wearin' us rabbit foots ever sence we's born."

"No," she said firmly. "I'll put a stop to such nonsense at once. Give it to me, William."

Billy looked up at his aunt's austere countenance and lovingly fingered his charm; he opened his mouth to say something, but hesitated; slowly he untied the string around his neck and laid his treasure on her lap, then without looking up he ran into his own little room, closing the door behind him.

Soon afterward Miss Minerva, hearing a sound like a stifled sob coming from the adjoining room, opened the door softly and looked into a sad, little face with big, wide, open eyes shining with tears.

"What is the matter, William?" she coldly asked.

"I ain't never sleep by myself," he sobbed. "Wilkes Booth Lincoln says sleep on a pallet by my bed ever sence we's born an' an' I wants Aunt Cindy to tell me 'bout Uncle Pijerker Peter."

His aunt sat down on the bed by his side. She was not versed in the ways of childhood, and could not know that the little boy wanted to pillow his head on Aunt Cindy's soft and ample bosom, that he was homesick for his black friends, the only companions he had ever known.

"I'll tell you a Bible story," she whispered. "You must not be a baby. You are not afraid, are you, William? You are always with you."

"I don't want no God," he suddenly made reply; "I wants somebody with sho' 'nough skin an' bones, an' I wants ter hear 'bout Uncle Pijerker Peter."

"I will tell you a Bible story," again suggested his aunt. "I will tell you about—"

"I don't want to hear no Bible story, neither," he objected. "I wants to hear

the young sister whose child had now come to live with her. But on the night of Billy's arrival the stern, narrow woman sat for hours in her rocking chair, her mind busy with thoughts of that pretty young sister, dead since the boy's birth.

"And now the wild, reckless, dissipated brother-in-law was dead, too, and the child had been sent to her; to the aunt who did not want him, who did not care for children, who had never forgiven her sister her unfortunate marriage. "If he had only been a girl," she sighed. What she believed to be a happy thought entered her brain.

"I shall rear him," she promised herself, "just as if he were a little girl; then he will be both a pleasure and a comfort to me, and a companion for my loneliness."

Miss Minerva was strictly methodical; she worked over by the clock, so many hours for this, so many for that. William, she now resolved for the first time becoming really interested in him, should grow up to be a model young man, a splendid and wonderful piece of mechanism, a fine, practical, machine-like individual, moral, upright, religious. She was glad that he was young; she would begin his training on the morrow. She would teach him to sew, to sweep, to churn, to cook, and when he was older he should be educated for the ministry.

"Yes," said Miss Minerva; "I shall be very strict with him just at first, and punish him for the slightest disobedience or misdeed, and he will soon learn that my authority is not to be questioned."

And the little boy who had never had a restraining hand laid upon him in his short life, his slight, sweetly and innocently in the next room, dreaming of the care-free existence on the plantation and of his idle, happy, negro companions.

CHAPTER III.

The Willing Worker. "Get up, William," said Miss Minerva, "and come with me to the bathroom; I have fixed your bath."

The child's sleepy eyes popped wide open at this astounding command.

"Ain't this here Wednesday?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, today is Wednesday. Hurry up, or the water will get cold."

"Well, me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln jest washed las' Saturday. We ain't got to wash no mo' 'till nex' Saturday," he argued.

"Oh, yes," said his relative; "you must bathe every day."

"Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln never wash on a Wednesday sence



"What I Done Now?" Asked the Boy Innocently.

Instead of saying 'I sho' is hungry,' you should say, 'I am very hungry.' Listen to me and try to speak more correctly."

"Don't!" he screamed as he helped himself to the meat and gravy, leaving a little brown river on her fresh white tablecloth. "Wait until I ask a blessing, then I will help you to what you want."

Billy enjoyed his breakfast very much. "These muffins sho' is—" he began, catching his aunt's eye he corrected himself: "These muffins am very good."

"These muffins are very good," said Miss Minerva patiently.

"Did you ever eat any bobbeycue rabbit?" he asked. "Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln been eatin' 'bout 'till, an' sweet-teater, an' Brunswick-steak, ever sence we's born," was his proud announcement.

"Use your napkin," commanded she, "and don't all your mouth so full."

"The little boy flooded his plate with syrup."

"These here 'lasses sho' is—" he began, but instantly remembering that he must be more particular in his speech, he stammered out:

"These here 'lasses sho'—are a nice messer'lasses. I ain't never eat sech a good-bait. They sho' is—I aimed to say 'these 'lasses sho' are a bird; they's mother eight tastier'n sorghum; an' Aunt Cindy 'tows that sorghum is the very penurty of a nigger."

She did not again correct him. "I must be very patient," she thought, "and go very slowly. I must not expect too much of him at first."

After breakfast Miss Minerva, who would not keep a servant, preferring to do her own work, tied a big cork apron around the little boy's neck, and told him to churn while she washed the dishes. This arrangement did not suit Billy.

"Boys don't churn," he said sullenly; "me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln don't never have to churn sence we's born; 'omans has to churn an' I ain't a-going no. Major-Minerva—he ain't never churn," he began belligerently, but his relative turned an uncompromising and rather perturbed back upon him.

Realizing that he was beaten, he submitted to his fate, clenched his dasher angrily, and began his weary work.

He was glad his little black friend did not witness his disgrace.

As he thought of Wilkes Booth Lincoln the big tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks; he leaned way over the churn and the great glistening tears splashed right into the hole made for the dasher, and rolled into the milk.

Billy grew interested at once and laughed aloud; he puckered up his face and tried to weep again, for he wanted more tears to fall into the churn; but the tears refused to come and he couldn't squeeze another one out of his eyes.

"Aunt Minerva," he said mischievously, "I done runt yo' buttermilk."

"What have you done?" she inquired.

"It's done run," he said. "you'll hafta 'tlow it away; 'tain't fit fer nothin' I done runt 'bout a bucket full in it."

"Why did you cry?" asked Miss Minerva calmly. "Don't you like to work?"

"Yes, I los' loves to work! I wish I had time to work all the time. But it makes my belly ache to churn—I got a awful pain right now."

"Churn on," she commanded unsympathetically.

He grabbed the dasher and churned vigorously for one minute.

"I reckon the butter's done come," he announced, resting from his labors. "It hasn't begun to come yet," replied the exasperated woman. "Don't waste so much time, William."

The child churned in silence for the space of two minutes, and suggested: "It's time to put hot water in it; Aunt Cindy always puts hot water in it. Lemme git some for you."

"I never put hot water in my milk," said she, "it makes the butter puffy. Work more and talk less, William."

Again there was a brief silence, broken only by the sound of the dasher thumping against the bottom of the churn, and the rattle of the dishes.

"I sho' is tired," he presently remarked, heaving a deep sigh. "My arms 'bout give out, Aunt Minerva. Ole Aunt Blue-Gum-Tempy's Peruney

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS

Lansing.—The annual meeting of the Michigan Association of Fairs was held at the Hotel Wentworth and delegates were present from Ionia, Hillsdale, Adrian, Charlot, Marshall, Allegan, Lake Odessa and Imlay City. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, C. N. Terwilliger, Hillsdale; second vice-president, R. S. Scott, Marshall; third vice-president, L. A. Lilloy, Allegan; secretary and treasurer, Frank Fairbank, Imlay City. A special meeting was called to be held in Lansing on March 24, at which time it is expected that all the fair secretaries and managers will be present.

Saginaw.—Arthur McGillis, alias Henry Brown, of Lansing, fourteen years old, is detained in the juvenile department of the county jail, charged with larceny. McGillis, according to the police, entered a local millinery store about a year ago, sat down to wait for his mother, and when the opportunity was presented, stole a purse containing \$10. The same trick was tried in a photograph gallery several months later, but the police nabbed him.

Durand.—It is talked here by Grand Trunk railway employees who have been on strike, that a committee which has been meeting with the corporation officials, that the Grand Trunk must face a general strike unless it accedes to the demands of its men. The old question of more wages is now complicated by non-recognition of the union and it is charged that non-union men have been favored since the strike in the summer of 1910.

Pitt.—Dr. Archibald Paterson is locked up at the county jail on a charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Mrs. Edgar H. Thompson on February 28. The arrest was ordered by Prosecuting Attorney Parker, after an investigation which started when his attention was called to the certificate of death, which gave as the cause, "apoplexy," resulting from induced abortion.

Grand Rapids.—For the first time in the history of western Michigan orders have been received by the local recruiting station to enlist negroes.

Lansing.—A concentrated effort to get legislation against brewery-owned saloons is to be made by the "drys" of Michigan during the next few days. A call has been issued for a big state convention to be held in this city March 12 and 13, at which time Governor Osborn will be asked to recommend that such legislation be enacted during the special session. Members of the legislature who favor legislation along the same lines held a conference with Governor Osborn and urged that he act at once.

Port Huron.—The body of Thomas H. Major, aged thirty-eight years, was found under the steps of the First Baptist church by Police Captain Kervin after a two days search by the police and sheriff's forces. Major was last seen alive when he was carried out of the family theater in a semi-unconscious condition. The two men who escorted him from the picture show are being sought by the police, it being the opinion of the officers that they can throw some light on the mystery surrounding the man's disappearance and death. It was discovered that Major's watch, \$18 in cash and a diamond pin were missing, but no marks of violence were found on the body, and as a result there are other theories than that of murder.

Saginaw.—The council is tangled up over a proposed ordinance providing for a curfew. The disagreement is not over the law itself, but the method of warning youngsters of the hour they are required to disappear from the streets. The suggestion has been made to the council that the bells of the city schools be rung at the appointed hours, while some aldermen want the fire department bells sounded. The latter plan meets with disapproval of the department, while the janitors of the schools are said to object to making an extra trip to the buildings after their day's work is done.

Saginaw.—According to figures compiled by County School Commissioner J. J. 42 rural school districts in Saginaw county will forfeit their primary school money this year. Under the law passed by the last legislature, school districts or cities having sufficient primary money on hand to pay the tuition of eighth-grade graduates or students attending high schools and for teachers wages for a period of two years, forfeit the state money. It is said the districts affected drew their money and placed it in banks instead of using it for the purpose specified by the law.

Grand Rapids.—Krin Van't Hof, deposed manager of the Kent State bank's West side branch and confessed defaulter, whose financial shortage is said to be \$30,000, was held for trial in the superior court. His bond of \$2,500 was signed by his stepfather, Van't Hof's arrest was ordered by the bank officials on the charge of forgery. While he was being bound over a garnishee judgment of \$1,069 was being rendered against him in favor of Christian Baich in the same court in which he will be tried next month.

Marquette.—There are between 250 and 300 cases of measles in Marquette, the epidemic being one of the most severe in the history of the city, as the malady is of the type known as German measles. "There is little alarm felt."

Ann Arbor.—Charles L. Loos, purchasing agent for the university, received a telegram announcing the death at Lexington, Ky., of his grandmother, C. W. Loos, ninety years old, president of the University of Kentucky.

Electric Hotel for Paris

Current Will Do Everything in the Proposed Structure, except Pay Guest's Bill.

The interesting news comes from Paris that a hotel will be built there in which all the domestic services will be performed by electricity.

The promoters of the scheme keep their promises everything will be done by electricity except the guests' payment of their bills. Even then they can give the cashier a shock by refusing to pay.

There will be no waiters, no bell boys, no coat boys, no chambermaids, and consequently no tips. If a guest arrives home late at night, all he will have to do is to touch a button, which will turn on electric sun, and then he can say to his wife:

"My dear, you're really getting lazy. Look at me. I'm up and dressed."

If he feels that he needs a cocktail, he can touch another button. One touch brings a martini, two whisky, three a Manhattan, four vermouth, five an ambrosia. In answer, a dumb waiter rises through the floor either to bring the desired drink, or when needed by to lower the guest to the ambulance.

The hotel promoters lay much stress on the fact that all their waiters are dumb in place of the ordinary Swiss who only stand and wait, instead of running and serving, there will be automatons run by electricity and guaranteed not to spill soup down your back or creamed asparagus in your lap. The dining table will be decorated with flowers raised by automatic electrical culture in both winter and summer, for there will be no seasons in this hotel; push a button and you're warmer than when you see another fellow walking with the "only dear one on earth," push another button and you're colder than when the other fellow frigidly asks: "What the devil are you doing here?"

One of the features of the hotel will be an electric orchestra, in which all kinds of stringed instruments will appear in play of their own accord.

The inventor, a Frenchman named Glorin-Knan, who has spent years experimenting with the various devices, asserts that they are now all absolutely perfect, and has formed a company under the name "Societe des Hotels Electriques" for the purpose of building electric hotels in every big city throughout the world.—New York World.

Proof.

"I suppose there is no other street in the world that is just like Broad way," said the man who was always despondent when he had to be away from New York for a few minutes.

"No," replied the scouless person who was able to exist in a small town. "I guess there isn't. Which proves that there are some towns in the world that are just like Broad way."

Constipated?
Don't take chances with constipation. If you let constipation run on unrelieved you're committing slow but sure suicide. You're poisoning yourself with accumulated waste matter. It may give you cirrhosis (hardening) of the liver—you know what that means.

Nature's Remedy
Lives in order—corrects the stomach—restores the appetite—aid digestion—tonics the system—purifies the blood—regulates the bowels and keeps the bowels in good condition.

Better than Pills for Liver Ills
Get a 25c box.

TAKE ONE TODAY! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING.

A. M. Lewis & Co.

Crawford Avalanche:

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAR. 7

Local and Neighborhood News.

T. E. Douglas was in Saginaw on business, last week.

Village election will be held in the Town Hall, Monday, March 11.

Holly Leister of Alger, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Van Amburg.

Miss Elizabeth Schreiber left Saturday for the southern part of this state.

The Ladies Union will meet Friday Mar. 8, for work with Mrs. Olaf Michelson.

Fancy and staple articles at the Maccabee fair, March 15; don't forget the date.

Mrs. S. Holbrook is recovering from an attack of pneumonia, which leaves her very weak.

Rockwell's Sunny South Company played here last Tuesday night, to a crowded house.

Horses For Sale—Good drivers or work horses. First class livery. Jan 25 tf GEO. LANGRISH.

Our St. Patrick's post cards are fine at one cent each.

SORENSEN'S Furniture store. Rev. and Mrs. Klugegaard, formerly of this city, and now of Muskegon, are planning a trip to Denmark this summer.

The Crown Chemical Company, who own the chemical plant northwest of this town, has gone under a new management.

Pocket Book Lost, yesterday morning, containing 26 band concert tickets. Please leave with Joe Cassidy, at the bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. D. Meddick, of Frederic, are happy over the arrival of a baby boy. Mr. Meddick is cashier Frederic's new bank.

For Sale—Good Gontave Organ for \$20, if taken within ten days. Can be seen at the residence of Geo. Hartman, near school house.

Geo. Stephan has the logs ready for building a cabin for Dr. Cumrine, of Detroit. The Dr. is expected here early in the fishing season.

Mrs. Geo. Burkhardt, her son Kenneth and sister, Miss Emma Charron from Frederic, were visitors with relatives and friends here, last week.

Telephone the Peoples Livery, No. 853 for first class rigs and accommodations. Driver furnished whenever desired. Peter Jorgenson, mar 7 tf

Fred Michelson, of Johannesburg, had the misfortune to wrench his knee while coasting there last Sunday, and will probably be laid up for a few days.

The Lady Maccabees will hold their fair in their hall Friday, March 15th, open at 1:30. Coffee, cake and fried cakes will be served to the public for 10 cents.

An Oyster Supper will be given next Saturday at the M. P. Church, south side, at from 5 to 8, standard time. Adults 50c, children 15c. Everybody invited.

Supervisor C. S. Barber, of Frederic, has been confined to his bed with illness during the past week. He is feeling somewhat better at present and hopes to be out soon.

"The Outcast," in moving pictures was shown at the Temple Theater, last Monday night to a small but highly pleased audience. They pronounced the pictures excellent.

The satisfaction of good tailoring is remembered long after the price is forgotten. We guarantee satisfaction and lasting qualities. Feb 1, 5 mo. A. E. HENDRICKSON.

It is said that Lacey Williams, of Toledo, who formerly did his fishing on the Ausable river, but for the last three years has gone to Lake county, is coming back to the Au Sable, and has broken ground for a cottage near Camp Bay City.

A blaze at the residence of E. R. Clark, on the south side, called out the fire department, last Monday. But slight damage was done. This is the second fire that has come to the Clark family this winter, the previous occasion resulting in a complete loss of household goods.

Miss Marguerite Chamberlain was taken ill at Lewis & Co's drug store, last Saturday evening, and had to be taken to her home. This was caused by nervousness, which resulted in sleep, from which it was hard to arouse her. She is confined to her bed, but improving a little every day.

R. Brink was in Saginaw on business, yesterday.

Roomers wanted. Three pleasant rooms for rent. Near Danish church. Feb. 1-tf. Mrs. J. H. McKong.

Don't miss our display of St. Patrick's cards. They are only 1c. SORENSON'S Furniture Store.

The ladies of the W. R. C. will hold their regular business meeting March 9th. All members are requested to be present.

Attend the basket ball game next Friday night at 8:15. Cheboygan H. S. vs. Grayling H. S. Come out and see a good game—it promises to be fast.

Fred Alexander has been in Mercy hospital for several weeks with an attack of pneumonia, but is now improving nicely, and it is expected that he will soon be going home.

The Washington Stewart farm in Beaver Creek is for sale, cheap for cash. A fine place, fruit and buildings. Call on or address Frank Dumphy, Cheney, Mich. Feb. 25-tf

I will do your furniture repairing, also make screen doors and window screens. Get them made before spring and be ready for the coming flies. Phone 1163. NELS NELSON. dec 28tf

If you want to read a bang-up good humorous serial story, read "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill," that begins in this issue on 3d page. See an announcement on first and last pages.

FOR SALE—House and lot near Kerry & Hanson Flooring Co.'s plant. Six room house, good cellar, woodshed, good well. Cash or easy terms. Phone No. 443. Feb. 15-4w. JOHN J. HEATH.

M. Brenner has been obliged to resign his position as chief of police of Grayling's police force, because of the poor health of Mrs. Brenner. Chas. Stanard will fill this position until the inauguration of the next village council.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Petersen and Mrs. W. Hammond were called to Bay City on account of the illness of their daughter Mrs. Peter Petersen. Mr. Petersen returned home yesterday. The daughter is slowly improving, and is considered out of danger.

Wm. Woodfield was successfully operated upon last Tuesday, at Mercy Hospital for bladder trouble. He is getting along as nicely as could be expected. Dr. Smith of Grand Rapids, assisted by Drs. Keyport and Penberthy, performed the operation.

The monthly social and business meeting of the Epworth League was held at the home of Mrs. Schreier Tuesday evening. About twenty were present and report that the evening was most enjoyably spent in visiting, conundrums and, yes, refreshments were served.

Miss Alice Brink entertained the members of her Sunday school class at her home last Friday evening. They had games and contests and a jolly good time. There were twelve to sit down to a dainty luncheon, and twelve young people made glad by this happy gathering.

The second series of "five hundred" parties, given by the ladies of the Grayling Social Club, ended yesterday and was celebrated with music and a banquet. Mrs. Olaf Michelson won the first prize and was awarded a cut glass hair receiver. Mrs. G. Langevin received a handsome china creamer and sugar for the second prize.

Hon. Geo. D. Alden, of "Twenty miles from Boston," closed the entertainment course last Monday night with a forceful and greatly interesting lecture on "The needs of the hour." He proved conclusively to his audience that we need more earnestness, more ambition, more honor, more righteousness individually. To make a perfect government we must begin first with ourselves and next with our families and those about us and eventually our affairs of state will be run upon honor instead of graft, in a businesslike manner instead of rotten politics. Upon our individual selves depends our nation.

The merchants who loudly proclaim against the big monopolies and trusts and cheats his customer in weight or measure, are equally guilty of crime. In the home should be found the most delicate and refined society, as here it is that we receive our first and most influential lessons in the great school of life. These lessons should partake of perfect honesty, truthfulness, manhood, heroism, patriotism and all things that tend to elevate the human character. His talk was one of edification and character building and we wish that every one of our readers might have been privileged to hear it.

Order your coal of George Langevin. He sells the best coal that you can buy—that's St. Charles coal.

St. Mary's Catholic church was well filled last week Thursday evening to listen to Rev. Fr. Miller lecture on "Important and vital questions of the day." He will continue his talk tonight and every Thursday night during lent.

Louis Chevally, a Frenchman, who has been in the employ of Salling-Hapson Co. for a number of years, died at Frederic, last Sunday. Funeral was held the following Tuesday, and remains laid to rest in Frederic cemetery.

Chas. Preston, switchman for the M. C. R. R., had a close call last Tuesday afternoon, when jumping off the pilot of a moving freight engine. As he jumped, his coat caught, pulling him back in front of the engine, and only by quickly rolling and partially throwing himself was he able to leave the track in time to avoid of being crushed. The engineer put on the brakes, which also was a help. He was badly frightened, otherwise no harm was done.

Auction sale Saturday, March 9th at 1:00 p. m. at Henry Bates' livery barn. The following will be offered for sale. One horse; one two-horse wagon; one surrey; two top buggies; one open buggy; one two-seated open buggy; one set light bobs; one double cutter; one single cutter; two sets double driving harness; two sets single harness; one clipping machine; four robes and three blankets; ten dusters and one set scales; also a lot of farm tools, in fact, my entire outfit. H. BATES.

Wm. G. Woodfield of Houghton, Mrs. A. McKay of Flint, and Miss Eleanor Woodfield of Grand Rapids were called here by the illness of their father, Wm. Woodfield. Miss Woodfield is a graduate nurse of Butterworth hospital in Grand Rapids and it was at her request that Dr. Smith came to Grayling to operate upon her father.

Quit Crying

When Baking Day Has Proven a Failure

Take our advice, cut out this useless worry and save time, labor and expense by buying our

Model Bread

It does not dry up in a little while, and be fit for Toast only

Our bread stays fresh and moist as long as the best home made bread; the best by the test

MODEL BAKERY



Millinery

The new and beautiful from the fashion centers are here, and will be on display at our annual

Spring Opening

Saturday, Mar. 16

The styles are numerous and varied, and an attempt to describe them would be futile.

You are cordially invited to attend our opening and visit us often. We will endeavor to have what you want and supply your hat needs in such a manner that they will be a satisfaction to you as long as they last.

Miss Sias

Did you ever?

Try our

RECEPTION TEA

If you have not

You missed a lot

25c SIZE BANNER OAT MEAL

20c this week

BRINK'S GROCERY

Where quality, weight and measure are guaranteed

THE New White Under Muslins Are Here!



Our spring assortment of Ladies White Underwear is now complete.

Gowns, Skirts and Combination Suits, Princess Slips, Cor-

set Covers, and Drawers of sheer white

Muslin, daintily trimmed with lace and embroidery.

Men's Spring Ties

We are showing the new silks in panel and cross stripe effects at

25c and 50c

Men's Shirts

New Shirts that are new. All styles in the latest patterns at

50c to \$2.00

Grayling Mercantile Company

OUR MEATS

are of the

Finest Quality

that can be had and are U. S. Government inspected.

This insures you meat from and Roasts of Beef. If you nothing but healthy animals. We make a specialty of extra fine cuts of Steaks

F. H. Milks

Big Values in Dependable Furniture



This Magnificent Dresser

will fill one of those small corners to perfection. Furnished in either Golden Oak or Weathered finish. Mahogany finish 20c extra. Top measures 18x33 in; has bevel plate mirror 12x20 in; weight 95 pounds. No. 180-F-3

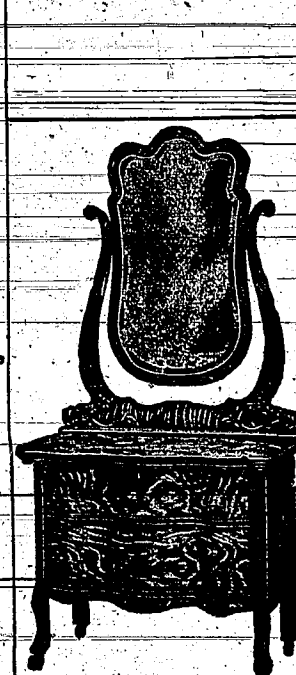
A bargain at \$5.95



This Stately Bargain

need not be commented on particularly as we feel sure that you know that photographs are very matter of fact and plain spoken. This is an exceptionally good furniture investment at the price asked. This serviceable design comes in Golden Oak finish and is of solid oak throughout; top 18x36, with french bevel plate mirror 18x24, wood knobs, weight 100 lb. No. 1105F5. Unequalled value

At \$8.75



This Extraordinary Dresser Value

Princess design is worthy of your close scrutiny. Always remember that our photographs do not exaggerate. Full quartered Oak with golden oak gloss finish. Has double top 20x34; French beveled mirror 18x32, weighs 98 pounds. No. 2200 F-13; unusually low priced.

For \$12.20

Prices are strictly f. o. b. factory cash with order. Each article is exactly as represented and we give you our personal guarantee which assures you of satisfactory goods.

SORENSEN'S FURNITURE STORE

